

PITH AND POINT.

—A grain of sand may be the seed of a new world, but a bottom is the right place where more good in the living present. —*Carl Prentzel's Weekly*

—Jenks: "Do you think Miss Liza is pretty?" Minks: "No, she is pretty?" "I must confess I think so beautiful?" "Well, I did, too." "I asked my wife and she said I was."

—Employer to Clerk.—“I don't object to your going to a funeral once while; but I think you might bring back a few more.”

—A gentleman came home in "two small hours" and the two in the South End recently, and was surprised to find his wife clad in "What are you wearing these morning garments?" he said, somewhat sternly. "For my late husband," the significant reply. He has been the house at ten ever since.—*Budget*.

the domain of man, and the time
no doubt soon come when she
have monopolized all the trade-
fessions and occupations. When
happy day comes, man will occupy
proud position of the Indian
and have nothing to do but look
some and keep the women at
The lot of the coming man will
happy one.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*

—It was at a ball, and the under discussion was vanity. A maintained that men were also somewhat to vanity. "The men ten times more vain than the ladies," she remarked. "That's impossible," said several gentlemen. The subject changed, and a few minutes later the lady remarked: "The handsome man in the room has a spot on his vest," whereupon every gentleman

within hearing glanced down at the
scared expression of countenance
his vest. — *Times Siftings.*

— **Man's troubles:**
Man that is married to a woman is of
days and full of trouble.
In the morning he draws his salary,
the evening,
Behold, it is gone! *
It is a tale that is told;
It is vanished, and no man knows wh
goeth.

He riseth up clothed in the chilly garb
Of the night
And seeketh the somnolent paregoric
Where to soothe his infant posterity.
He cometh as a horse or ox,
And draweth the chariot of his offspring
He wreatheth the shekels in the parrot
fine linen
To cover the bosom of his family.
Yet himself is seen at the gates of the
With one suspender.
Yea, he is altogether wretched.
—Arcanum Jour

A SLAVER'S RUSE.
How a Spanish Vessel, Laden With
Escaped the Vigilance of a
Cruiser.
A good story is told of the *San*
—Winchester, I think—going
Simon's Bay bound to the *Mar*
when off Cape Hangklip, late one
noon, a very rakish, suspicious-

craft was sighted, carrying an unnumbered number of stay-as-is and studding who, upon seeing the man-who hoisted Spanish colors and her name in Marryatt's code, and requested reported. She passed quite close was apparently a passenger of about 500 tons burden, for she neared them about a dozen laden very smart bonnets, veils and

were served to come on deck wave their handkerchiefs with demonstration of cordiality to officers of the flagship. She sees have also a large crew, and very clean and smart. She was quite disarmed, and she logged as a passenger ship Manila to Cadiz. The Admiral was in his opinion that all was not remarkable that the ladies wave

pocket-handkerchief uncommon and vigorously to a mere passing he also thought the handkerchief usually large, and further, he mentioned that as she passed, he was lying out of the door in the stern and a faint curious whiff came of the wind, reminding him of some long past. He could not remember the moment what it did remind

suddenly occurred to him several years after that the faint passing odor of a strange ship swept by, recalling the smell of a slave ship which he had caught into port years before. It was right. This same vessel was off the Havana, on her subsequent voyage, and proved to have been the ship from Fernando Veloso in the Mozambique Channel, carrying slaves for Cuba. Her cap-

planned with delighted pride, hanging with the flagship off the Cape, now, seeing a large man-of-war, flung down upon him with the certainty of capture, and no hope of escape should the ship's character be known. He adopted the clever expedient, at least not for the first time, of making up a number of their men in the dress of sailors, a ruse that was in this

entirely successful.—All
Bound.

Asphaltum

A correspondent says he never
at an asphalt pavement or roll
over its smooth surface in a
without thinking of the curiou
and the still more singular pla
with which the material is prope

about the center of the island is a small, dark, dot in the Caribbean Sea off the coast of Venezuela, the asphalt lake. It is said to cover 100 acres, and is apparently impenetrable. It is a black, sandy surface and is believed to be crude petroleum. A singular feature of the substance is that, although about 300 tons are taken out of this

ually, it constantly fills up. there is no lessening of the This singular lake of paving is owned by the Venezuelan ment, but is leased to a com Washington. They have a schooner running to Trinidad having a monopoly of the lake they import vast quantities of terial.—*Chicago Herald.*

